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A
S E Q U E L

TO THE

“REJECTED ADDRESSES;”

OR, THE

THEATRUM POETARUM MINORUM.

BY ANOTHER AUTHOR.

FOURTH EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONS.

LONDON:

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1813.

[*Price Four Shillings.*]

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PREFACE.



THE Editor of this Volume feels it necessary to say a few words on the much-ridiculed doctrine of Ghosts, as an apology to the Public for introducing into this Selection, two Addresses purporting to be written by those abused personages. He does this with less diffidence than he generally feels in entering upon so mysterious and incomprehensible a subject, seeing that he is backed by no less an authority than that of the *great* Dr. Johnson. “Bozzy and Piozzi” have innumerable anecdotes on record, proving beyond all doubt the Doctor’s cordiality for the whole ghostly tribe; and completely to establish his favourite doctrine, which it seems he carried down with him to his grave, he lately took it into his head to pay a visit to these earthly regions, on the occasion of the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre. The

Editor believes it to be pretty generally admitted, that the regulations of the government of Pluto, do not lay the restraint of a *ne exeat regno* upon their inhabitants, but that they merely introduce into the *licences* which they grant to sprites of a wandering disposition, a condition that they shall take special care never to discover themselves, and to do no mischief. The Ghostly Authors of the two Addresses in this Volume, have strictly adhered to the former part of the engagement, as no soul can be found who has ever seen them; and the Editor leaves the Public to judge, whether by writing the Addresses in question, which is the only record they have left behind them of there ever having visited earth, they have subjected themselves to an impeachment in the *Courts below*, for a breach of the second condition in the *licence*.

The only alteration which has been made in this second impression of this Volume (with the exception of two or three little notes of no importance), is the substitution of some extracts from an Opera sent in to the Committee

of Drury-Lane Theatre, in the place of part of a Comedy in rhyme, which, for immaterial reasons, has been expunged. The admirers of the picturesque in writing, will not complain of this alteration. The author of this delicate *morceau*, is one of the last lingering disciples of the Della Cruscan School, which the united efforts of wits and satyrists have almost contrived to exterminate. Still, however, it has, and so has Mr. D., it's pupil, some admirers in the present day. There are those (we believe chiefly female judges) who, for a peculiar witchery of expression, and for richness of imagery and freshness of colouring, consider the Author of this Opera, a second Shakespeare. We must differ from these Critics, who, though female, we cannot call *fair*.

There can be no fear of offending Mr. D. by any remarks we have thought proper to make. A man who says of his own play, "Sincerely speaking, I believe it to be a good
" play, &c. &c. not that the *proof* of its
" being the vilest of the vile, would abate one
" jot of my *self-esteem*"—a man who says

this, who arms himself in a panoply of indifference to meet the shafts of criticism and ridicule, who can always comfort himself with "*egomet mî ignosco*," must look down with the most supreme contempt on the casual remarks of an obscure anonymous writer.

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A SEQUEL

TO THE

“REJECTED ADDRESSES.”

MOLLY OF BRYDGES-STREET.

BY T. C.

*Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunt
Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunto.*

HORACE.

BY Drury's western side, fair Brydges-street!
Where now the busy builders daily come,
Where once the play-going crowds were wont to meet,
Rushing to Drury's or her Sister's dome:

Scenes where my youth has often joy'd to stray,
And cull the apple from the fruiterer's stall;
Let me the pleasures of thy haunts display,
Where Molly, pot-girl at the house-of-call,
Flourish'd the glowing flame of youthful bricklayers
all.

O'er her fat cheek the rose had shed its bloom,
Her buxom bosom knew no stays' restraints;
O'er her thick limbs glad Health delights to roam,
And drive away vile Luxury's complaints:
Her brawny form ne'er knew consumptive faints,
Or mad hysterics, or sad spirits low;
She made no mournful groan, no sickly plaints;
Thro' rain or heat she would uncover'd go,
Shrill screaming through the echoing streets, "Pots
below!"

Oft would the wearied bricklayer stay his feet,
And drink a pot within the Magpye's walls,
Toying with Molly on the pot-house seat,
Till some fresh customer for porter calls:
Then Molly flies to ply the bending drawer,
Unlocking straight the gushing frothy tide;
And slyly looking round that no one saw her,
She sucks a drop beneath the crested pride,
And then receives the pence the customer supplied.

The spell of Molly's charms did oft detain
The am'rous joiner from his hammer and nails;
And Molly's charms the blacksmith did enchain
In links far stronger than he forg'd for pails.
Drury, forsaken by her labouring train,
Soon felt the rival force of Molly's power:
Not kindling flames around her walls again,
But oft attracting at the noon-day hour
The Sons of Brick and Mortar to her boozing bower.

Oft Wyatt comes, and oft the angry Rowle,
And find the workmen from their labour fled:
Whitbread beholds with wrath-indignant soul,
The sluggish growth of Drury's infant head:
Thund'ring he turns them off, and in their stead,
From Bedford's plains a hardy race he sends—
Disbanded train-bands in their rags of red:
Each to the Magpye soon his footsteps bends,
Where beauty's influence o'er each boorish soul ex-
tends.

The more of Whitbread's porter they imbibe,
Their hearts more soften'd to the charms of Molly;
The muzzy, love-sick, ardent Bedford tribe,
Leave Drury's scaffolds in pursuit of folly.

* MOLLY OF BRYDGES-STREET.

And thus the Brewer's, hurts the Manager's trade,
The Brown Stout sells, but Drury meanwhile sleeps;
For grasping man was surely never made
To lay up wealth in multifarious heaps,
By brewing, building, spouting, patronizing sweeps.
To seek his workmen Whitbread speeds one day,
Straight to the Magpye, with indignant fury;
There he discovers at their amorous play,
The truant bricklayers from the walls of Drury.
Molly was seated on Jack Higgins' knee,
Tom Brown was off'ring her the sparkling pot:
The Manager saw their joy with raging ee;
And in his fury he had quite forgot,
That all they drank cost three-pence halfpenny per
pot.

On Molly soon he pour'd his vengeance forth,
The latent Circe of the-bricklayers' hod,
As from the chill blast driving from the North,
Molly stood shrinking from the demi-god.
The glittering pewter-pot which grac'd her hand,
Just for one moment caught the hero's sight:
He stands appeas'd, his passions at command:
Smiling he sees his liquor sparkling bright,
And asks the girl how many pots she sold last night.

To Southill's regions Whitbread sends the lass;

For he foresaw the mischief of her charms,

If at the Magpye bricklayer youths could pass

The day and night in Molly's circling arms.

A skullion wench, she plies the reeking clout,

And washes dishes now, instead of pewter:

Hymen has join'd her to a rustic lout—

For none of Whitbread's liverymen would suit her—

Preferring wedlock's blissful chastity in future.

THE
FARMER'S BOY'S ADDRESS.

BY R. B.

"A Shepherd's Boy—he seeks no better name."

WHERE noble Grafton spreads his rich domains
Round Euston's water'd vale and sloping plains,
Late as I sought the pasture where I feed
My tender lambkins in the verdant mead;
Where scattered frisking o'er the meadow gay,
The green turf trembles as they skip and play;
Dissolv'd from care, my thought ingross'd by love,
O'er the green field with thoughtless steps I rove,
And now reclining in a shady brake,
The "*Bury Post*" from out my pouch I take.
The "*Bury Post*" my master's daughter lent
T' amuse me when to tend my flock I'm sent.
Now in it's ample page, with curious eye
I read how Spanish Warriors fight and die!

How Patriots spout, how Ministers oppress,
And injur'd Freedom seeks in vain redress;
Lawyers want Clerks, and Servants wish for places,
And Ladies white-washes to bleach their faces;
But that which most of all attracts my sight,
Is "Drury's Managers, wishing to excite
"A competition in the Poet ranks,
"Before September, will receive with thanks
"Enclosed in envelopes to Mr. Spring*,
"Addresses to be spoken at the Opening."

The "Poet ranks?" methought, sure I may claim
Some humble title to a Poet's fame;
'Tis true, censorious Critics call my Muse
A Country Lass—I'll try how she can use
Sublimier subjects, and I straight will write
A grand Address for Drury's opening night!—
Come then, blest Spirit, whatsoe'er thou art,
'Thou rushing warmth that hover'st round my heart—

* The well known inaccuracy of Country Papers, will account for the slight difference between this Advertisement and those which appeared in the London Papers. Can it be expected, that the Bury Post, should have as exact information of Theatrical transactions in London, as the Morning Chronicle or the Times?

But hold—my Patron's aid I first must gain—
Oh, L—fft, encourage, or I write in vain.
When Even came, to him I hied with joy—
L—fft, the kind patron of the “Farmer's Boy!”
L—fft, whose aspiring soul can soar to trace
Ten latent mountains in the Moon's bright face!
L—fft, who discover'd, when the Comet came,
Million times hotter than red hot, its flame,
To L—fft I flew t' unfold my bold design—
His cheering voice approv'd, and smile benign!
And when to him at last my verse I bore,
With friendly aid he deign'd to look it o'er,
Polish'd th' uncouth, refin'd th' immoral lay—
Thus was produc'd th' Address you hear to-day.

Many long years have now elaps'd, since last
A Cobler's boy Old Drury's door I pass'd:
In Coleman's regions then I plied my trade;
There my first shoes, as well as verses made.
Since that, o'er Suffolk glebes I've drove the plough,
And ne'er since that, breath'd London air till now.
Oft has my timid Muse, as you well know,
Essay'd to paint the ever-varied glow
Of Nature's charms in rural scenes display'd,
Thro' the high beechen wood, or wat'ry glade,

Where coming Spring profusely spreads abroad
Flowers of all hues, with every fragrance stor'd ;
Where Summer's rip'ning heat imbrowns the grain,
Or tans the hay-cock on the grassy plain:
Where Autumn's busy scene calls all to come,
Each from his work, to join the Harvest-home!
Nor snow-clad Winter wants domestic charms,
When the pil'd hearth the glowing circle warms,
And Molly, smiling from the chimney nook*,
Sips first the gladd'ning cup with wishful look.
Mark how all Nature's gifts may be abus'd
When with excess, or wrong intent they're us'd :
That self-same fire which cheers the wearied swain,
That self-same element burnt Drury-Lane!
Ale, too, its baneful influence extends—
Excess in stupor, or in squabbles ends.—
The sleepy firemen, on that dreadful night,
When Drury flaming struck th' astonish'd sight,
The sleepy firemen felt the power of ale,
And loudly summon'd, long o'er-slept the call
(For that dread night a Jubilee had been—
The firemen's supper at the King and Queen).
Long do the flames roar out her burning pain,
And gazing crowds shout " Water!" long in vain.

* Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo.

At length the engines to the beacon rush,
And pouring fountains o'er the ruins gush.
Ah, water's powers are vain, too late applied—
Vainly the firemen ply the useless tide;
The flames increase—all hope, alas! is flown,
At length the massy roof falls thundering down.
Thus Ale and Fire, those welcome, cheerful names,
Combin'd to send Old Drury to the flames.
Audacious Fire the bold attack began,
And Ale assisted in the direful plan!

But hold—let painful recollection cease,
Since scenes like these, recall'd, must fail to please,
Let's gladly leave the night of Drury's burning—
From Drury dead, to living Drury turning;
Nor thankless glooms obtrude, nor cares annoy,
Whilst the sweet theme is universal joy!
Say, gentle Audience, who now wond'ring see
This splendid pomp and gaudy pageantry;
These blazing lustres, which with flaming pride
Reflect a dazzling light from side to side!
Or when these checquer'd pillars met your eye,
Or o'er my head yon crimson canopy*,

* The Editor's first visit to Drury-lane, happened to be on a night when the "Mountaineers" was performed. The

Did you not give a thrilling transport bound,
And your eye brighten as you star'd around !
And as young lambs, with animated pride,
Leap o'er the field, and gaze from side to side,
When first, the seal remov'd, their opening eyes
Ransack the plain, or wander to the skies—
Did not your eyes search round this spacious dome,
And find new beauties wheresoe'er they roam ?
Ye who the transports I describe have felt,
Whose souls a brilliant scene has pow'r to melt,
For you this stately pile has rear'd its head,
Triumphant rising from the limy bed !
Where now it's parent's ashes lie in state—
This stands a record of it's parent's fate.
In Drury's shades pursue your favourite joy
Midst Drama's revels, sports that never cloy ;
Let cheering plaudits greet the Actor's voice,
And meet in Drury's walls but to rejoice !

mountains of the Sierra di Ronda, tipped—not with the
“crimson canopy” of the setting sun—but with a mock
velvet curtain, had rather a ludicrous appearance.

THE
 PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOVERY,
 AND
 PLEBEIAN TALENT.
 BY C. L. ESQ.

———*causas penitus tentare latentes.* VIRGIL.

N. B. This Address has been published by its Author in the Monthly Magazine, the Monthly and Critical Reviews, the Ladies' Museum, La Belle Assemblée, and in the Commercial and Agricultural Magazines, and in the Bury Post.

[The Author enters, leading in one hand, a little smutty Shoemaker's Apprentice, and in the other a Farmer's Boy.]

MOST GENTLE AUDIENCE,

Whom I now see happily met in the most spacious and most splendid place of entertainment in the

known world ! my dazzled eyes glow dim, my *senses are stupified*, and every faculty is overwhelmed by the awful magnificence which surrounds me !

The Bury coach just set me down at the inn*, and I hasten to pay my respects to this most respectable Assembly, and to introduce to you my two young Protégées—they have discovered a genius beyond their years, which compassion leads me to patronize. The one I mean to make a Printer's Devil, and my much-esteemed friend and correspondent, Mr. L—g—n†, so well known in the annals of Literature for his abilities, and in the annals of Piety for his virtue, has kindly promised to obtain for him an eligible situation in some respectable printer's office. You well know, my courteous hearers, that the learned and ingenious Doctor Franklin laid the foundation of his future fame in this menial employment. Doctor Franklin‡, whose discoveries have

* The Four Swans in Bishopsgate-street, from whence the coach starts every morning at four o'clock, and another arrives at five in the evening.—*C. L.*

† A thousand apologies to Mr. L—g—n, for introducing his name into an Address of this kind—his good humour will, I am sure, excuse it.—*C. L.*

‡ The Ghost of Doctor Franklin, will, I hope, excuse my taking thus free with so revered a name.—*C. L.*

enlarged the till then narrow and obscure paths of Science, and whose researches have enlightened every branch of philosophy, was once, as little Billy will be, a Printer's Devil. May he follow so bright an example, is the earnest wish and constant prayer of his Patron. "*O Deus audi!*"

My other little boy I have snatched from the unintellectual employment of mending boots and shoes, and mean to transplant from his native village into the more congenial air of a London Circulating Library—here will his little ardent mind roam delightfully through all the regions of fancy—the treasures of Literature will be open to him, and his ripening judgment will cull the fruit, and throw away the stalks.

I never deny myself the satisfaction of drawing to light hidden merit*. The all wise and benevolent CREATOR, has scattered an equal portion of talent through all the ranks of society; and Genius is as often to be found among Shoemakers and Ploughboys, as in the more elevated ranks of life.—Let the

* The Writer of this Address has somewhere been facetiously styled the Mæcenas of Shoemakers; a gratis accoucheur to labouring Versemen: his patients are wonderfully liable to miscarriages.

Philanthropist then discriminate it, and bring it into public view when external circumstances tend to conceal* it.

Let me apologize, Ladies and Gentlemen, for so long detaining you on a subject foreign to the occasion of my Address. I did it from a conviction that this respectable Audience had too much genuine sentiment and humanity, to disdain

“ The short and simple annals of the poor.”

I rejoice that, after an absence of many years, I have once more the pleasure of revisiting these haunts of the Muses—scenes where my youth has often strayed. The Stage, the Pit, the Boxes, the Gallery—every thing calls to my mind past pleasures—the transports I have felt when I have been paralysed by the “ wonder-working” magic of Mrs. Siddons’s eye! and I now request her to accept my most heartfelt thanks for the great obligation I am under to her, for the exquisite delight occasioned by the contemplation of her acting.

The most pathetic language would in vain attempt

* Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi——

16 PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOVERY.

to describe my feelings, now that I behold another Drury raised upon the ruins of the last—behold her too surpassing her predecessor in every thing that is most beautiful, most brilliant, and most wonderful! as the orient sun effaces the recollection of the brilliance of the most conspicuous planets on the preceding night!

Theatres and I, who used to be constant companions, have been separated for a long period, and save thro' the reflection of the "Monthly Mirror," (to whose liberal and ingenious Proprietor I will take this public opportunity of returning my most sincere thanks, for the very kind manner in which he has received my communications, however trifling), Theatrical operations have been hid from my eyes. The wide-extending flames of Drury did not reach Tr—st—n, nor shed the faintest glimpse over Suffolk vales.—I have passed many happy days in the course of a life (may I hope?) not altogether uselessly spent—I have enjoyed the society of men of the most brilliant wit, of the most refined learning, of the most splendid talents, and of the most exemplary piety;—I have delighted myself with rural scenery—"Nature has been my book, the fields my study"—Her phenomena I have admired,

and (with a due and awful sense of the inscrutability of the works of the *allwise Creator*) I have endeavoured to trace them to their sources. These have been my enjoyments, and my life has been a pleasing one:—would to God it had been more useful! Still, in a retrospect of my most pleasurable moments, I can recollect few days more truly interesting to me (as indeed it must be to every man of generous feeling) than the present.

Since that dreadful night, when Heaven, for some wise purposes undiscovered by weak mortals, visited with the terrors of fire the walls of Drury-Lane, every one with a truly laudable zeal has endeavoured to bring to light the instrument which “effected the horrid purpose.” Every man’s enquiries and investigations have been fruitless. The subject has engaged much of my attention, and as it was found impossible to trace the sad event to any of the common causes of a fire—the carelessness of domestics, or the malice or mischief of some unknown “ill-disposed person or persons”—I began to enquire whether it might not have been occasioned by some phenomena of Nature; some immediate interposition of the heavenly bodies. You may perhaps be startled by so bold an idea: I felt the same timidity and deference for long

18 PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOVERY.

established opinions, when first I began my researches. Of all the wonders that adorn the atmosphere, surely the Comet, the fiery-tailed Comet, is one of the most extraordinary—extraordinary in its attributes (I hope that solemn word will not be considered only applicable to the Deity—extraordinary in its concomitants, and extraordinary (at least in the eyes of those who have searched into them) in its effects*.

The poor farmer complaining of his crop of turnips or clover being spoilt by the baneful influence of a Comet, has generally met with ridicule. I make it a point to listen to the arguments of every man, however weak, and am happy to be open to the conviction of the most insignificant reasoners on the most important subjects. I hope I do not give way too much to credulity; but a most-worthy and most respectable farmer (whom I thank for the kind communication) lately proved to me beyond all doubt, that a thatched barn in one of his fields, had caught free from the penetrating rays of the Comet which

* Several ingenious and elegant writers have done me the honour to address Letters on this subject to me, in the Ladies' Museum. I beg to pay this tribute of thanks to their kindness, and to refer the reader to my answers in the Ladies' Magazine.—*G. L.*

visited us in the summer of 1811. His testimony (which it was impossible for me to dispute) was established by an affidavit, sworn before me, as Magistrate of a very large and populous hundred in the county of Suffolk, a few months ago, by this respectable farmer's honest shepherd.

To prevent misinterpretation, I have transcribed a passage *verbatim* from the affidavit. It states, " that deponent, on or about the — day of — 1811, " about ten of the clock in the evening of the same " day, was returning from — to —, in the county of " Suffolk, he, deponent, having been to the said " village of —, to pay a visit to and see John Stiles " and Deborah Stiles, his (deponent's) father and " mother: That he, deponent, was coming across " a field, or close of land, called Ball's Close, " containing by admeasurement 2 a. 3 r. 10 p. in " the occupation of one farmer John Ball, and " situate in the said parish of —: That the " said farmer John Ball and his workmen had " lately built in the said field or close of land, " a wooden barn thatched with straw: *And depo-* " *nent saith*, that on the said night, when he so " passed thro' the said field, he saw a certain Co- " met with a certain fiery tail floating in the sky—

“ *That* the said tail appeared to this deponent to
 “ be about one foot three inches long, or little more
 “ or less ; but that from the great distance between
 “ the said deponent and the said Comet, the said
 “ deponent could not judge exactly of the breadth
 “ of the said Comet, or of the length of the said Co-
 “ met’s aforesaid tail—And deponent further saith,
 “ that he saw the burning rays of the said Comet,
 “ and of the said tail of the said Comet, descend
 “ upon the said wooden barn so thatched with
 “ straw as aforesaid, and that immediately the
 “ straw with which the said barn was so thatched
 “ caught fire, and that soon after the said wood
 “ with which the said barn was so built as afore-
 “ said, caught fire of the said straw with which the
 “ said barn was so thatched as aforesaid, and that
 “ in a very short space of time (to wit) in the space
 “ of one hour and three minutes, the said barn so
 “ built with wood, and thatched with straw as
 “ aforesaid, was burnt down and utterly con-
 “ sumed.”

In this affidavit, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is
 incontestibly proved, that the barn in question was
 consumed by the intense effervescence of the Co-
 met and its tail. This, you will all recollect, was a

Comet of the *hairy genus*, by far the most destructive in their operations.

I have made the most diligent researches to discover if there was any ground for supposing that any extraordinary phenomenon of this kind had a hand in setting fire to Drury-Lane. I have had much correspondence with the most eminent French* Philosophers, and have received much useful information from them, in answer to my enquiries. From a letter of a very distinguished Astronomer, it appears that Comets were seen about the time of Drury's conflagration, on the northern coast of France. I myself, with an ingenious friend, discovered one of very inferior size, and not alone capable of so great a devastation. Reciprocal attraction is one of the most remarkable properties of the *hairy* breed. I have heard of dreadful effects produced by their coalition: churches, and other high and obnoxious buildings, falling a sacrifice to their penetrating heat; when any one of the Comets thus united, alone would have been incompetent to pro-

* To Mons. A. de B., and Mons. C. de D. in particular, I beg to return my grateful acknowledgments for their very luminous observations on the properties and parts of *hairy* Comets.—*G. L.*

duce the most trifling mischief. From all these circumstances, established as they are by what I consider ample testimony, I am very much inclined to believe (with due deference to opposite opinions) that the dreadful event was produced by the united powers of the Comets seen about that time in England and France; and I doubt not but my enlightened Audience, upon a mature consideration of this most interesting subject, and of the very strong evidence I have adduced of the wonderful power of Comets (particularly of the *hairy* kind), and their reciprocal attraction, when within each other's focus, and of the increase, in a compound ratio, of their powers when united, from all these facts, will coincide in my humble opinion.

I cannot retire without begging you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to accept my heartfelt thanks for the very candid and liberal hearing you have bestowed on me. May I venture to ask a continuation of it, whilst my little Pupils recite some short and most striking specimens of the early maturity of their tender minds?

[Exit with applause, particularly from the Ladies in the "Dress Circle."]

BILLY TOMKINS*, *aged 13, loquitur.*

I am a little Farmer's Boy,
 Cows and horses are my joy !
 Poetry and hogs I love—
 I say my prayers to God above !
 For Parson every Sunday tell
 That wicked boys must go to Hell!
 And thanks to Mr. L—fft, I've *gat*
 A Sunday coat and Sunday hat ;
 So that to church I like to go
 Like other boys, my clothes to show !
 I live with Mr. L—fft's tenant†,
 A farmer good, and kind, and pleasant :
 Sometimes I keep his hogs, and oft
 I mind the cows for Mr. L—fft ;
 For Mr. L—fft, I'd have you know,
 Is very kind to me, and so

* The only instruction this extraordinary lad has received, is in the Sunday School at Tr—st—n, instituted by the pious and benevolent Rector.

† A slight irregularity, arising from the young Bard's ignorance of the laws of rhyming. As I wished to preserve the original spirit and *naïveté* of composition, I was unwilling to correct it.—*C. L.*

Is Mrs. L—fit; they always greet me
With “How do, Billy?” when they meet me;
And Mr. L—fit says, if he can,
He’ll bind me to a printing man—
For I am clever, and he says
’Tis pity I should spend my days
In keeping hogs or scaring rooks*,
When I might be reading books;
And I shall like it, I dare say,
For London is so fine and gay,
And all the sights so very pretty,
I long to live in the great city.
Mr. L—fit said t’other day,
He’d take me with him to the play;
And now he’s brought me—Lord ’a’ mercy!
(Tho’ that’s a word I never dare say,
For God, you know, hates swearing children,
And in Hell they surely will burn)—
I never see a place so funny;
It must have cost a sight of money!
Here’s a place where Ladies sit,
And there a place they call the Pit;

* Would to God the farmers were always content with *scaring* the persecuted rooks, and never used the slaughtering gun against them.—C. L.

There's lights and candles all around;
 And here are lamps upon the ground!
 If I kick 'em with my shoe,
 I can smash 'em over you
 Who've got your fiddles there a-squeaking,
 While up yonder some are shrieking—
 "Turn him out!"—What's that they say?
 If they mean me, I'll run away.

[Runs away in a great fright.]

JACK ARCHER, a *Lad of about Fifteen, loquitur.*

Adieu! companions of my life,
 My wooden last and cutting knife,
 And apron made of leather:
 Good-bye, thou little humble stall,
 Where long I plied my piercing awl,
 To make shoes proof of weather.

Hail, learning, poetry, and prose!
 London, where every poet goes,
 And libraries' retreats:
 Hail, Roderick Random and Tom Jones,
 And Joseph Andrews, and the stones
 That pave the London streets!

Till now I never saw a play,
Except at Mr. L—fft's one day
I acted Tommy Thumb :
The Ladies said I did my part
With so much skill and so much art,
They gave me each a plumb.

The next day I did nought but hop
With stick in hand about the shop
Acting Tommy Thumb.
My master saw that not a stitch
I did—so he pulled down my breech,
And then—he smack'd my bum !

Now don't you think 'twas very *shacking*
That my poor *bum* should get a smacking
For such a bit of fun ?
But good-bye, Gentlemen and Ladies ;
For Mr. L—fft, I'm much afraid, is
Gone, and I must run.

[*Exit, crying out, Oh! Mr. L—fft,*
Mr. L—fft, Oh!]

DRURY-LANE :

A POEM, IN TWO PARTS.

BY LORD G. G. NOW LORD N.

—*versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.* HORACE.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST PART.

Address to Drury-Lane Theatre—perhaps hardly possible for lovers of the Drama, when they behold a Theatre in flames, not to send up prayers for its fate—rather more possible, that only a very few should assist in extinguishing the flames—lack of water the cause—a long established law of Nature, that only water can quench fire—The watchman's tread, the evening Tower gun, and the rattling of hackney-coach wheels behind the horses, described—insulting shouts of the mob gazing round the fire—perhaps not unlike the savage joy of cannibals preparing for a human repast—Heaven offended by these impieties—sends down vengeance in a shower of rain—does not extinguish the fire—Scepticism not to take this for an argument against Omnipotence.

DRURY! while gazing o'er thy burning face,
The spreading ravages of fire I trace,

While trembling hope with shudd'ring eyes beholds
Th' insulting flames bespread their lambent folds
Around thy dome—attack thy fire-girt towers,
While black destruction o'er thy visage lowers;
Say—can a *mind* as ardent as thy flame,
Whose soul adores the Drama's sacred name,
Touch'd by thy fire, with pious fervent zeal,
Refuse its warmest pray'rs for Drury's weal—
Refuse to pray that Drury's walls may soar,
When prostrate fire and flames shall be no more?

Late as I stood with 'stonished eyes to view
The gaping numbers, and the helping few;
'Twas lack of water soon I found the cause—
For bounteous Nature, in her varied laws,
Has long ordain'd, that element the place
From man's domains intruding fire to chase—
To water's pow'r alone stern fire gives way;
When water comes the god resigns his sway.

Long had the watchman bawled the midnight hour,
And twice three hours had lapsed since Edward's
tower

Sent echoing forth from off its topmost height
The cannon's roar, proclaiming coming night—
All busy sounds are hush'd in silence dread,
Save the dull pacing of the watchman's tread;

Save where with clattering din some hackney wheels
Roll rattling o'er the stones—behind the horses' heels.

I said not that where Drury's flames extend,
And to the neighbouring scenes their lustre lend,
Dread silence reign'd—No; there the rabble crew
Shout round the blaze with insults ever new,
And as the flames ascend, they cry “Halloo!
Halloo!”

So hungry cannibals on Afric's coast,
When human victims on the spit they roast,
Behold the savage scene with fierce delight,
And dance and halloo round th' inhuman sight!
Round Drury's walls the impious echoes rise,
And mingled shouts insult th' offended skies;
Till Heaven at last regards her slighted pain,
And sends down vengeance—in a shower of rain!
So in a rainbow's form of various hue,
Green mix'd with red, and yellow mingling blue,
Juno observing from th' Olympic seat,
Sent welcome Iris to the Trojan fleet.

Say, does some curious seeking voice enquire
“Did Heaven's kind rain extinguish Drury's fire?”
Ah! would to God I could with joy reply
That rain had saved her falling majesty.
Ah no—as onward swept the northern blast,
Quick o'er her head the flaming columns passed,

Half veil'd in smoke, and half one burning space,
Prone Drury falls, and melts before my face!

But let no sceptic soul presume to say
That Heaven had tried, and Heaven could not allay
The raging strength of Vulcan's fiery rod—
Let no weak mortal scan the ways of God—
Let him in trembling bend beneath the sky,
And thro' all Nature's works adore the Deity!

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND PART.

Morn—the Sun no sluggard—his Breakfast Parlour, an Eastern aspect—Address to the New Theatre—Appeal to Drury-Lane, whether an Architect can be employed more for the honour of his country, than in rearing such an Edifice—perhaps he cannot—Address to Mr. Whitbread—Prediction of his future celebrity—as a Porter Brewer—and as a Patron of the Drama—a question to him—whether he thinks his services most beneficial to the Public, when he is shaking St. Stephen's with a thundering speech, or when he is auditing and retrenching the Accounts at Drury-Lane—prophecy, that the Dramatic Muse will drink a Pot of Porter over his grave—Farewell to Mr. Whitbread, and to Drury-Lane Theatre—Drama cordially receives her long-lost child, Drury, and welcomes her to her maternal arms.

THE orient Morn awakes, the rising Sun
Sets forth, his glorious course of light to run;
Leaving his golden bed, not slow to rise,
He takes his breakfast in the Eastern skies,
And journeying onward to his noon-day height,
O'er half this globe of earth he sheds his light.

Soul of great Drury dead! whose giant height
Now first this morn awakes th' astonish'd sight!

Who late for three long years in darkness lay,
Nor e'en had felt the renovating ray
Of rising Suns, or view'd the circling beam
Of lovely Cynthia shed a dazzling gleam—
Say, can the Architect whose wond'rous art
With magic wand hath bid thee, Drury, start
From dust and ashes to this stately pride,
Which mocks the best of Labour's works beside—
Say, can the Architect's all-working hand
Raise brighter Trophies for his native land
To spread from shore to shore Great Britain's name
Through the loud trumpet of recording Fame,
Than Wyatt's art has rais'd in Drury's dome—
Unrivall'd Drury both in Greece and Rome!

And thou too, Whitbread, whose illustrious name
Combines the Manager's and the Brewer's fame!
Whose name will after-generations trace
On Signs suspended, or in Drury's face!
And pot-house boozers and dramatic lies
Will join to raise great Whitbread to the skies!
Say—more do you seek your country's dear renown
When you put on your senatorial gown,
And shake the Senate's roof with patriot roar,
And with feet stamping, shake the trembling floor!

Or when at Drury's meetings, in the Chair,
You'spect the Accounts—retrenching here and there
Whate'er is useless, or whate'er is vain,
Whate'er reduces honest lawful gain?
Whitbread! the Drama's Muse shall fondly court
The classic shades that deck thy fam'd resort;
And in thy nut-brown beverage shall lave
Her lips in solemn silence o'er thy grave.
Adieu, Great Whitbread! and those hallow'd seats
That thou hast rear'd—the Drama's dear retreats—
Once more up-rais'd, the Drama's voice shall cheer
“ My long-lost Child !” she cries, “ Come, welcome
here!”
And as her circling arms her child embrace,
Kind Heaven approving, smiles on Drury's gladden'd
face!

SYMPATHETIC ADVENTURES.

BY YORICK'S GHOST.

*" 'Tis sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections
are drawn together."*

THE LITTLE GIRL.

— JUST as poor Timothy had got to that part of his story where the good old sailor fell sick at Deal, and was like to have died—I felt a tear forcing its way through my eye-lids in spite of me—my hand was already half way in my breeches-pocket fumbling for my purse, when little Jenny came running in out of breath—" Law, mother, they say Drury-Lane's o' fire!"—The child seemed affected. What, thought I, my good girl, can Drury-Lane be to thee—Nothing—But thou knowest it is to us—Sweet Sympathy! that thus early teachest the tender heart of a child to feel for others—Vile Spleen avaunt! that will sometimes creep in, and shew me my poor

fellow-creatures in all sorts of bad colours. From that moment I had a better opinion of human kind than I ever had before—Not the most splendid instances of Roman virtue could have done so much.

THE PURSE.

—But what became of the purse, Yorick, and poor Timothy?

—What, Envy, didst thou think thou hadst surprised Yorick in a mean action? No—a charitable man never suffers his charity to evaporate, or to be driven out of his mind by a casual occurrence—my intentions did not remain in embryo, nor my purse in my pocket.

—My hand was fumbling in the pocket of my black silk breeches when the little girl came in. Timothy stopt his narrative, and my hand for a moment stood motionless in my pocket—Charity, active Charity, soon set it to work again.—I had in my purse a parcel of shillings—I gave one of them to Timothy, and another to the little girl, at the same time telling the former to come to me the next morning, and finish his story. Did I not take any notice of the poor woman then? Yes—I could not

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bear to see two poor souls merry and cheerful, and leave the third neglected. So, as the good woman stood behind the door, and held it, making a low curtsey as I went out, I slipped a third shilling into her hand—a merry *trio*, I'll answer for it, when I was gone.

And now, Envy, let me ask, pray, what becomes of your question? I've told you what became of my purse. I took a shilling out of it for poor Timothy, another for the little girl, and a third for her mother, and then returned it to my pocket again, *minus* three shillings—and I walked the lighter for it both in purse and heart, as I crossed Covent-garden. Cease, accusing Spirit! when thy serpent-weapons turn against Yorick they shall recoil on thy own head.

THE FIRE.

—By the time I was fairly got into the street, and fairly awakened to external sights—for Timothy's affecting narrative had full possession of me for the first half mile, as I walked along—I was within a few furlongs of the Theatre—so near, that I could plainly see the flames ascending above the tops of the houses—Awful sight!—I went on, and presently

as I turned a corner, the blazing pile was full in my eyes!—The flames roared—the crowd shouted!—the engines rattled!—I stood still, and gazed for a moment—Tremendous scene! It reminded me of a description my Uncle Toby once gave me, of the burning of a town in Germany by the Allies.—I felt for the poor building—and if every man, woman and child in London had shed as many tears as Yorick did for it's fate, there would have been no lack of water to quench the flames.

A LESSON.

—I stood musing for a minute, and was then involuntarily moving on into the crowd—In a case of distress, a man instinctively comes forward and offers his assistance—and so he should—strike the iron while it is hot!—When a man does feel a generous inclination to exert himself for another—and Heaven knows how seldom he does!—let him not give his purpose time to cool, by balancing conveniences and inconveniences, proprieties and improprieties, and such like nonsense.—How easy it is moralize, and lay down rules of conduct for emergencies in life!—Find me a man who will practise them on one occasion out of ten.

PRACTICE.

I had turned up the sleeves of my black coat, and taken the gold studs out of my wristbands, for fear of losing them—(chilling idea!—Eliza gave them to me a day or two before she sailed from Dover) and was making the best of my way through the crowd to a fireman whom I saw plying his engine very busily—I had laid hold of a bucket, and was on the very point of asking him where I could find some water—when some cursed valetudinarian spirit whispered in my ear—“Yorick, you’ve got a bad cold!”—“D—n the cold!” said I, vehemently—I hoped I had silenced the intruder. I began my new labour with vigour, and hoped to have carried it on without interruption; and it was not till I had scoused the burning ruins of Drury with a dozen or more well-charged buckets of water, when I began to feel my poor slender limbs a little exhausted by the exertion—that this self-same officious spirit said in rather a louder tone—“Yorick, it’s only three weeks since you burst a blood-vessel!”—I would have said, “D—mn the blood-vessel!”—and indeed the *da*— was fairly out of my mouth—but it happened at that very moment the wind blew a lucky blaze from the flames, and in casting my eyes

towards the ground to avoid the flash, I caught a glimpse of the colour of my coat—I know not how it was—it seemed like a warning to me. Be that as it may, no sooner did the black catch my eye, than the d—n was cut short—I emptied my bucket—laid it down—pulled down the sleeves of my coat—and walked towards my lodging, replacing my gold studs in my wristbands, and thinking of Eliza.

DREAMING.

“And art thou fled, sweet Spirit?”—I had been dreaming of her all night—and I woke with these words in my mouth the next morning—Delicious dream!—Skipping over the odious barriers of time and space, thou lead’st us to the arms of those we love—but we must wake—dreams must cease—and if you had your Eliza for your weddēd wife, or whatever you might wish her, pray must you not lose her or she lose you, in some unlucky moment?—’Tis very true—Life is but a lengthened dream, made up of dreams; and if you will take Yorick’s word for it, my good Ladies and Gentlemen, you are dreaming now—and this poor, pale—lanthorn-jawed face before you, is but a vision of the night.

THE WIDOW.

“Here am I, Sir,” cried my Landlady from behind the door, as she heard me calling after the departed Spirit, and very naturally thought I meant herself—What woman ever refused to answer to so flattering a name?—And she was not much mistaken in her application of it—my Landlady *was* a sweet spirit!—

“She peeped her head in at the door, as much as to say, “May I come in, Sir?”—She took my silence for assent—and so I meant it—congenial souls have no need of the harsh jargon of the tongue to convey to each other all their little whims and fancies—every little wrinkle of a feature speaks—smiles, and nods, and frowns, are their language—they are current coin with them—but when they go into the world, they will not pass.

—My Landlady was a widow—so was the Count de L.’s sister—and would to God Eliza was—she was a woman of sensibility too.

—As she drew up the window curtains, and took a clean shirt out of my drawer, and hung it on the back of a chair before the fire, I gave her an account of my adventures the night before—The good

lady laughed when I told her how hard I had worked with my bucket—She wished, she said, I had minded at first the little officious Spirit's warning—and to say the truth, so did I—My cold had increased, and brought with it a fever—however, I would not repine—She saw how ill I was—tho' I never told her—

THE BREAKFAST.

—Presently she brought my breakfast on a neat little japan waiter, and sat down by my bed-side—My tea was sweetened to my taste—though I never remember her making tea for me before, and I had not even told her that I drank sugar—She had made two little delicate bits of toast—and pared the crust off—a little bit of fresh butter was scraped over them—a dying man might have relished them—Kind woman! she knew all the little fancies of my poor squeamish stomach, as if by intuition—I never eat a pleasanter meal in my life—Was it appetite that made it so?—No!—I was in high fever—She held the waiter before me, as I poured some milk into my tea, and withdrew it when I took the cup and saucer in my hand—Again she held it to me, as I reached out my hand for a bit of toast—and when I had finished one

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bit, she held it to me with the other—Could I refuse any thing from such a hand?—The bed was rather large, and as I lay in the middle of it, she could not very well reach me—so she sat down on the bed-side—She hoped I liked my breakfast—I did indeed—I told her so—I was never a very fast eater—and what with the inconvenience of eating in bed, and my poor teeth, I got on but slowly—though the toast was soft—The tea was rather hot—so she sat holding it while it cooled—Strange! that neither of us should have hit upon the simple expedient of pouring it into the saucer—But so it was—

—Heaven! send me always such a handmaid to wait upon my sick couch!—Sickness, I'll hail thee as a blessing—

—You see I had my reward, Ladies and Gentlemen, for my exertion at the fire—and such a reward!—a charming woman watching over me as I lay sick in bed!

DRURY AND COMEDY.

BY L'ALLEGRO.

Nunc est bibendum nunc pede libero

Pulsanda tellus.

HORACE.

HENCE, friends of Covent-garden!
 Of Jack Kemble and Mother Siddons, full
 Enemies of John Bull,
 Midst Macbeth's shapes and shrieks, and tragic
 jargon,
 Find out some rugged cell,
 Where ghosts, fiends, furies, giants, roaring flock,
 And taik blarney to a rock!
 There, with daggers, poison, and such like stuff,
 To kill* the House just enough,
 Let Tragedy and Kemble ever dwell.

* There is some doubt, whether in the original MS. this word was not "*fill*." Though Mr. Kemble has a notorious passion for daggers, poison, &c. I never before heard so

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Drury-Lane called Comedy!
Though sometimes by the Tragic race,
Distortion, Mimic, and Grimace.
The lovely giggling goddess, Mirth,
One charming May-day gave thee birth,
Whom thy father, lively Wit,
Met one night in Drury's Pit,
And picked her from a group of wenches,
As she tripped along the benches.

And, sweet Goddess, bring with thee,
Matthews, Liston, Emery!

Come, Miss Duncan and Miss Kelly,
And little Sally Booth, the silly!
And be sure you bring a dimple,
Sticking a patch on every pimple:
But if thy nature has been stingy,
If thy peepers are but dingy;
If no rose bedecks thy cheek,
Blooming o'er no dimple sleek

shocking an imputation thrown upon him, as that he wished to use them in falling foul upon his audience. His haughtiness would do well to chastise L'Allegro for this piece of impudence.

O'er thy smooth skin—But stop, perchance
Thy skin has felt the mattery lance—
Spreading the *pitty* devastation
Of the small-pox inoculation—
Then take some glazier's putty, and
Stop the breaches with your hand!
This done—the surface smooth and chaste,
Spread lightly o'er with Grindle's paste—
One wash of Bowman's patent fluid
Will make it white as robe of Druid;
And then well-shaded daubs of lake,
With the soft'ning paint-brush make.
Take care this artificial face
You spoil not with too much grimace—
Never ope your mouth but half,
And make a little mincing laugh;
And lest your lover should imprint
Too warm a kiss, give him a hint,
That true-bred artificial faces
Are shock'd by man's too rude embraces.

Comedy, sweet Goddess, come!
Hit or Miss, and Tommy Thumb,
School for Scandal, Honey Moon—
Lawyer, Parson, Fool and Clown—

Dance around in sportive ring,
Singing Drury's Opening!

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the ample dome it measures;
Giddy Damsels, stiff Papas,
Pretty Misses and Mammās—
Housemaids, Butlers, Scullions, Cooks;
Pedantic Critics from their books;
Shop-boys leave their lace and ribbon,
Widows put the circling bib on—
Shrill-whistling hostlers from the stable—
Drunk *bon-vivans* from the table—
Raggamuffins, Thieves, Pickpockets—
Ladies wearing lover's lockets—
All by turns my wandering sight
Catches, as they each invite.
All young and old come to the Play,
For this is Drury's holyday!

See in yonder Gallery's height,
Where thick crowds obstruct the sight,
Sit squeez'd together Jack and Jill,
Dick and Tom, and Bob and Bill,
Honest labourers of the trowel,
Journeyman of bricklayer Howel—

For ev'ry man who laid a brick,
Sawed a plank, or planed a stick,
Or help'd in various other ways
This venerable pile to raise,
By Mr. Whitbread's kind permission,
Has to-night a Free Admission!

In the Pit you often see
A Housemaid full of witchery,
Sitting 'tween two glowing boys,
Anticipating future joys!
Teazing her with amorous bother—
A Butcher one, a Cobler t'other!
Now they view the glowing scenes,
Where raving Misses in their teens
Dance and flirt with lovers gay,
Finishing with a run-away!
While circling round her tender waist
Each feels increase his passion chaste.

Away, proud Learning's pedant fools,
Dunces of the Grecian Schools!
Go and flog your truant scholars,
With noddles hard as Spanish dollars.
Hence, vile grov'ller after pelf,
Go to the Devil and shake yourself!

Adieu, fond Drury, for to-night
Homeward I must wing my flight;
Banishing corroding cares,
Thou fann'st my soul with fav'rite airs.
To-morrow night I'll come again
To the sweet scenes of Drury-Lane!
Comedy's gay pleasures give—
Drury, long with thee I'll live!
For here we dance in jovial ring,
Singing Drury's Opening!

A SPIRITED ADDRESS
ON
THEATRICAL REFORM.

BY SIR F. B. BART.

*Largus opum et linguâ melior—
——— consiliis futilis auctor,
Seditione potens ———
Incendit animum dictis, atque aggerat iras.*

VIRGIL.

PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN,

IF I was now addressing myself to two or three Boarding-School Misses in their teens, or to a circle of fashionable coquettes at a Duchess's rout, I should be content with skimming over the surface of things, not taking the trouble to weigh every word that I say as a matter of importance, or to contradict opinions which differ from my own—It would rather be

my aim to say what was most pleasant, than what, upon a strict examination, would be found most consistent with the immutable principles of justice and truth. My feelings, I need hardly tell you, are, as they ought to be, widely different in addressing so *enlightened* a portion of the community as is now assembled in these walls—in addressing the *People* of Great Britain, in addressing the *People* of a kingdom who once stood high, and almost unrivalled in the scale of Europe, and might now have stood so, had not the most infamous system of measures that the most infamous men could devise, debased and prostrated her to her present state of degradation.

Gentlemen and Ladies, were I to adopt the hack-nied and unmeaning style of congratulation usual on occasions like the present; were I to wish you joy in the common manner, on being once more assembled in a spacious and magnificent theatre, I should imply my unqualified approbation of all that I now see—my approbation of the construction as well as the embellishments of the Theatre—my approbation of the industry, activity and abilities of the Managers. In doing this, I feel I should be acting in direct opposition to the dictates of my sober judgment.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the construction of Thea-

fres in general I abhor—and I had fondly hoped, that when it became necessary to build another, mankind would have been sufficiently enlightened to have discovered the grand fundamental political defects which are so obvious in the organization of all our English Theatres. I did more than hope when I first learnt that my Honourable Friend was to be the principal director of the operations in rebuilding this edifice, encouraged by the 'zeal which he has always displayed in the cause of Reform, and in the defence of the injured rights of the People, I freely expressed my sentiments to him—he was pleased to call them speculative and theoretical, and in no respect have my suggestions been attended to. Why they have been slighted, I am still to learn. What mean those odious aristocratical distinctions of Pit and Boxes? Why is not the whole company *levelled* together in one expanded pit? Or if inconveniences would arise from the difficulty of hearing in the extremities of so extended a house, let the Boxes be reduced to the *level* of the Pit, by abolishing the hateful difference in price!—There need be no difference in the comfort and accommodation—let the whole House be one *equal* and spacious domain, where distinctions of rank and fortune are un-

heard of—where the poor Peasant, relieved from the tyrannical vassalage of his homely station, may sit down on an *equal* footing with his Lord—where the Footman and his Master, the Housemaid and her Mistress, the Master and his Apprentice, may sit down cordially together, and enjoy the *free and equally-distributed* pleasures of the Drama!—Till some such reform as this takes place in the economy of a Play-house, I have no wish to enjoy it's corrupted amusements. Lady B—— and my children will probably tempt me sometimes to enter these walls. When we do, we will take care always to be at the Pit doors when they open, and squeeze in with the rest of the crowd (infamously called the rabble!) in the only democratic mode of entering a Playhouse. Never will I be seen perched aloft on that invidious elevation of the Boxes, fit only for the effeminate modishness of a ministerial pimp—and should Lady B—— ever hint at an inclination of taking a seat there, I should discard her as a woman unworthy of my esteem, totally destitute of feeling, and without a single spark of *philanthropy* (that most necessary virtue for a wife) in her composition.

The sordid and mercenary Managers, eager to profit at the expence of their poorer fellow-creatures, will, I am afraid, be persuaded by no remon-

strances of mine, to *level* the whole House by an *equality* of price. The Pit and Boxes must still remain odious momentos of the degraded state of morals and society in this country. Let me then, since I cannot remove them, endeavour to make them a little less detestable, by doing away some foul corruptions which have grown into their very vitals.

The most glaring of these corruptions, is that infamous system of keeping places. By this means the Managers contrive to embezzle, and put into their own private pockets, thousands of the public's money, while hundreds of poor wretches are thronging about the walls of this edifice for shelter, screaming in all the wretchedness of poverty and disease, brought on by the cruelties of tyranny, oppression, and injustice! By this scandalous system of keeping places, the best seats in the Theatre are monopolized by an overbearing Aristocracy during the greatest part of the year: while the curious stranger is utterly excluded to make room for those whom frequent enjoyment has satiated, and who usurp their seats by the vile arts of bribery and corruption! The RESISTING SPIRIT of JOHN BULL must be roused before these abuses can be done

away! The Managers, who are revelling in luxury at *your* expence, are interested in prolonging them. *You* alone can *call imperiously* for their removal, and if you *persevere*, you must be heard!

The Managers, like the Ministers in the degraded House of Commons (absurdly called the Representation of the *People*), have a corrupt influence in commanding a preponderance of applause by means of the barefaced artifice of free admissions. You, who are in the habit of reading the daily papers, must have observed now and then a public notice, that no Orders will be admitted on such and such a night. Ladies and Gentlemen, Orders are *never* admitted when the Manager thinks the performance will stand upon its own merit; then he takes care not to have his corrupt profits diminished by the admission of any one without money. On occasions when some unseemly alteration has been made in the arrangement of the Scenery, or perhaps when two or three Private Boxes (vile sinks of corruption!) have been added to the number, then the fiends of free admission are let loose on all sides—groupes of excisemen, parish-beadles, and other venal servants always at the command of bribery, are stationed in different parts of the House, armed with noisy instru-

ments of all descriptions; thus they effectually drown every precious valuable breath of popular feeling, and screen the Manager from the most violent exclamations of popular disgust. Despicable condition! Is not your voice your birth-right? the most precious of Nature's gifts, by which you make known your feelings of pleasure or dislike? And is it thus to be insulted, drowned by the hired shouts of an abandoned crew, slaves of power, minions of corruption? Injuries like these make life a burthen—Are we to live, People of Great Britain, but to

! ————— peep about,
And find ourselves dishonourable graves,

while the hirelings of aristocracy ride over our heads?

Gentlemen and Ladies, let me ask what mean those red-coated mercenaries, strutting in all the insolence of authority before the doors of this House, guarding, one would rather suppose, the polluted cavern of a cannibal or a giant, than the harmless retreats of the Muses! They mean, Ladies and Gentlemen, that the civil magistracy is daily growing into disrespect, because its powers are insuffi-

cient to enforce all the arbitrary measures of a despotic Government; they mean, that wherever subordination is necessary, it is to be enforced by military power. Thus the eyes of the people are familiarized with the ensigns of war, and thus the Government hope at last to inveigle them into a submission to a military despotism.

Speak your minds, People of England, before it is too late, and speak them decidedly! Let them not be misunderstood. The remedy is late, yet it may be effectual!

[Exit in a transport of universal discontent.]

ORCHESTRAIC MELODY.

BY H. T.

———illi turba clientium
*Set major———**Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo——**Farete linguis : carmina non prius**Audita, musarum sacerdos**Virginibus puerisque canto.*

HORACE.

WHILE Themis' Sons fatigue the loaded brain,
 And pore o'er Statutes and Reports in vain,
 Consume their youth, and wear out wearied age
 In drawing Learning from black-lettered page—
 Be mine the nobler and the easier aim
 To sit and quill-drive for poetic fame!
 To sing "Scotch Melodies" to Piano Misses,
 And greet to-night the Playhouse claps or hisses!—
 Hail, gentle Audience, who approving sit
 In Gallery, Boxes, Pigeon-holes, or Pit!

And hail bright Damsels in the lower rows,
Where Beauty's blaze with brilliant fashion glows !
And thou, great Dowager, patroness of Wit,
At whose well-cover'd board I often sit —
All hail ! blest patrons of Dramatic *fire*,
Attend my verse,—for you I touch the lyre.

Of Music's powers I sing—delightful art !
That soothes the tender, tames the rugged heart,
And chief of *Vocal Music's* swelling note,
The tender offspring of the warbling throat ;
Not the base viol, or baser violin,
Or the hoarse trumpet's loud discordant din.
—Avaunt fam'd Handel, Haydn, and Mozart !
Thy sounds hoarse rattling, like a drayman's cart,
May roar thro' organ's tubes in fretted aisles,
And shake with noise St. Paul's, or Peter's piles ;
But ne'er approach those chaste divine retreats
Where female *melody* on sofa's seats
Reclines, and sips the green refreshing lymph,
While glowing heavings warm each warbling nymph ;
To scenes like these soft Music's spirit flies,
Where each sweet voice sings forth "*Scotch Melodies!*"

And ye too, brother warblers in the street,
Who in St. Paul's Church-yard I sometimes meet,

When Guildhall-bound, with briefless pockets
light,

To you I stand, and listen with delight,—
And straight returning home, a *Melody* indite!

Come down, Apollo, from celestial heights,
And here restore thy Music's injured rights;
Come and dispense with renovating skill
In Drury's walls, reform for every ill—
And first, behold this *instrumental* crowd,
With squeaking fiddles and violincellos loud,
The serpent roaring, and the gruff bassoon,
They make a clam'rous noise without a tune!
Apollo, turn them out!—let no such babble
Disturb thy haunts—restrain this noisy rabble:
Give yon harsh roaring trumpeter a kick—
Knock down that fiddler with his fiddle-stick;
Let each musician feel thy vengeful hand,
And I will help thee choose another band.

But first let's make a bonfire on the Stage,
Of Pleyel's, Handel's, and Beethooven's page!
To feed the flames we'll burn the fiddles too,
And then *appoint* our Orchestra a-new.

Come, living instruments, come Vocal Maids,
And come, ye Songstresses of Scotia's glades!

And softly murmuring from each fair one's mouth,
Let dulcet sounds the list'ning audience soothe !
And come to join the song one melting lute,
One *soft* Piano and one German Flute ;
Nor other instruments obtrude your voice—
This is Apollo's house, and this his choice !
The human voice all various tones supplies—
Let Little warble "Irish"—Tw—ss "Scotch Melo-
dies !"

MELODY alone, sweet Goddess, hail !
Thou fair attendant of the milk-maid's pail ;
Vouchsafe to leave thy rural shades, and come
And live and die with me in Drury's dome !

AN ADDRESS FOR A YOUTHFUL AUDIENCE.

BY MRS. A. L. B.

*Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.*

HORACE.

PREFACE.

AMONGST the number of Addresses which in all probability will be sent in to the Committee, I think I may venture to guess, that not one of them will be addressed in a particular manner to the youthful part of the Audience. Without enquiring into the reasons of this deficiency, and seeking to discover why the cause of Youth is thus shamefully neglected, I beg leave distinctly to state, that in the following Address I have confined myself entirely to a view of objects adapted to the tender comprehension of youthful minds, feeling as I do, that to no

other part of an Audience is it of equal consequence what they shall hear or see. I also feel, that it would be an indelible stigma on the state of morals and refinement in Great Britain, if out of the many Addresses which will be prepared for the celebration of the Revival of Drury-Lane Theatre, not one of them should be suited to the capacity of those, who, from the licentiousness of modern customs, form so considerable a part of a Theatrical Audience. Even if this Address should not be thought worthy of adoption by the Committee, the Author's patriotic purpose will be fully accomplished by her being enabled, through its means, to rescue her beloved country from the imputation of so shocking a neglect of its best and dearest interests.

A. L. B.

[To be spoken by one of the Fruit-women from the Lobby, respectably and plainly dressed, leading in her hand two little Girls about eight or nine years old.]

Come, good little Children, let us go forth into the streets, and see the New Theatre in Drury-Lane

opened for the first time. Look at the crowds of men and women running along the street—they hasten their footsteps, that they may not be too late.—Keep close by my side, little Children, that you may not be lost—for there are wicked men and wicked women in the crowd, who would strip you of your clothes—and then you would be naked, and would have no crib to sleep in, or bread and milk for supper.

Make haste, or the crowd will grow thicker and thicker—Run along, as you do when you play in the green field—If you fall, little Children, you will not be hurt—there is a soft coating of mud spread on purpose to receive you!

See where that carriage stands on four wheels—the coachman will give us a ride in his coach—poor horses hanging down your heads, you seem tired—we shall be too heavy a load for your poor wearied limbs—you shall not have another journey—here is another coach standing near—See, the coachman drives his horses toward us, and now he alights to open the door and let us in.

Gentle Coachman, let not thy whip lash thy poor animals—though thou art their master, thou too

hast a master who watches over thee—he sees thee when thy cruel arm uplifts the lash to flog thy patient beasts—he has compassion for his meanest creature—and if hereafter thou wouldst seek his mercy, let not thy hand refuse it to thy horses—if they had the power of speech which God has given to thee, they would ask it of thee.

Come, little Children, jump out of the coach, for we are come to Drury-Lane, and thank the coachman for your pleasant ride. Wrap your handkerchiefs around your tender necks—the night is cold and chilling.

Behold these blazing lamps!—they shed their glowing light around, to guide us to the door where we shall enter—Kind lamps, we thank ye!—but for thy welcome light, my little girls would splash their clean white stockings—if they could speak, the stockings too would thank ye.

Dost thou ask, Child of Enquiry, whence come all these comforts?—Whose provident hand hath placed these lamps?—Whose hand put up these iron railings?—'Twas the kind hand of Mr. Whitbread!—He it was who brewed the sparkling porter thou drank'st to-day at dinner—Return thanks, then,

Child of Gratitude, to Mr. Whitbread—Sing his praises, Child of Gratitude, when thou eat'st thy noon-day meal—Sing his praises as thou walk'st o'er Drury's scenes—Never cease to praise the great name of Whitbread, as long as breath remaineth in you.

Look round this ample dome—every thing here is splendour, pomp, and pride!—See, here's a seat covered with crimson cloth—let us sit down upon it, and look around—Behold those pillars! Dost thou think they are marble? No, they look more like porphyry—look closer at them, Child of Curiosity—knock against them with thy hand—they are made of wood—knock against them, and they sound hollow.—What glorious art, that thus can mimic works of Nature!—Noble Economy!—What thousands thus are saved, to glad the sorrowing face of Poverty!

Child of Reason, where hast thou been wandering? What has thy curious eye observed?

I have been wandering in the Pit, among the thick crowd—the people were pushing around me, and one among them trod upon my toe—my little slipper dropped beneath my foot—I stooped to pick it up!

And hast thou done nothing more?—Hast thou heard nothing?—Has nothing met thy eye?

I have walked up and down along the Lobbies, and as I passed by a door, some friendly person opened it, and asked me if I chose to enter—I entered, and in going in, I knocked my head against the door—the blow has raised a bump upon my head—Presently I saw some orange-peel strewed along the ground—I was hungry, and I picked it up and ate it!

Come unto me, Child of Reason, and let me rub thy head—Does thy head now feel the bruise?—Bear the pain patiently.—Remember, Oh Child of Reason, let not orange-peel e'er tempt thy taste—corroding orange-peel inflames the bowels—it always brings the stomach-ache—then the apothecary sends you physic, and then your reaching stomach heaves, and then you vomit!

The pillars support the rows of Boxes, or they would fall on our heads—see, there are one, two, three, four rows, rising one above another—and above the topmost Boxes is the lofty Gallery—the servants sit in the Gallery—if you look up, perhaps you will see Betty.

The Musicians are playing upon their fiddles—

the Ladies fan their perspiring faces—When you are a woman, Child of Youth, you shall have a fan—Sometimes they cool their parched lips with the juice of the grateful orange—Orange-juice is wholesome and refreshing—but the peel is hurtful to the stomach!

The labouring Bricklayers built these lofty walls—they put the bricks together one by one, and joined them with mortar—and now they are firm as a rock—When you build houses with cards, they fall down, because you have no mortar—if you had mortar you could join them together, and they would stand.

The Carpenter nailed together these boards—the Painter painted them over, and made them red—the Glass-cutter cut these sparkling chandeliers—the Scene-painter painted that splendid scenery—the Poet composes plays—the Actor acts them—all combine to find amusement for the Child of Reason—Return thanks then to them all!

We do return thanks to ye, Oh Bricklayer, Carpenter, Painter, Glass-cutter, Scene-painter, Poet, Actor—accept our thanks, for we are grateful!

Mourn not, Child of Mortality, that we must depart—Look round once more—let thine eye be

satiated with wonder! Thus must all your earthly pleasures cease—you must be cut off in the midst of them—Remember, Child of Mortality—it is but a few hours since we first entered the Theatre—Let recollection carry you a little farther, and you were born—In a few hours you will rest in your warm bed—and in a few more in the cold grave!

THE BURNING.

BY MISS H.

Accessit numerisque modis que licentia major.

HORACE,

I.

WAKE not for me, ye Muses nine,
 I want no aid of thine ;
 For ye delight to revel and dwell
 With poets of the rural strain,
 Who of Shepherds and Shepherdesses tell,
 And the purling brook and verdant plain,
 And love-sick swains, and maidens coy,
 And the Son of Venus, that wicked little boy :
 Of no such stuff my spirit sings—
 I sing of real, not ideal things.

II.

Dark was the night, the wind roaring loudly,
And Cynthia hid her head —
The flames were riding proudly
O'er blazing Drury,
With rueful scaith and fury!
Tinting with their red
The tops of houses near.
The gazing crowds shrunk back in dread!
And Apollo shed a tear*,
And Minerva much did fear,
As they sat and saw the burning bier
Of Drury sinking into regions of the dead!

III.

Hark! to the engines rolling;
Hark! to the fireman's tread;
Hark! to the wild fire howling
Over Drury's head!

* These Deities afford so little patronage to the present Drury-Lane, it is to be feared they would scarcely pay the tribute of a tear to its memory.

Hark ! the clattering horses run ;
See the rabble enjoy the fun !
Hark ! there's noise enough to stun ;
While the roaring flames increasing fly,
Driven by the northern blast,
And Drury's walls must die,
For destruction's spreading fast—
Drury prepare to die, for thou art come to thy last!

IV.

And was there none—no Englishman,
Who, when he beheld the burning, ran
To the sleeping turncock,
That he might come and unlock
The plugs, and let the cisterns loose ?
Oh yes, there was—'twas one Tom Bruce,
He went to Vin'gar Yard
And called the turncock, sleeping soundly—
He called long and loud, and yet he never heard ;
He dragged him out, and shook him roundly,
And pull'd him by the nose,
Till he woke him from his dose,
And made him put on his hose,
And come forth half dressed, without shaving his beard.

V.

Meanwhile the engines rushing came—
But, alas ! they were too late
To extinguish the flame
That clung round Drury's pate,
And decided her fate !
The turncock came up with Tom Bruce,
And let the fire-plugs loose,
But all of no use !
For the flames spreading far and wide,
Mocked the engines' gushing tide,
Which only served in thick smoke the ruins to hide.

VI.

Fire ! Fire ! Water ! Water !
Echoes from a thousand tongues ;
Every son and every daughter,
Roaring, screaming, strain their lungs !
Rushing eastward from Bond-street,
West from Liquor-pond-street,
And the tradesmen from the Strand,
And the motley City band ;
And the men of the Fields of St. George ;
Ladies from Pentonville,
And pick-pockets from Saffron-Hill ;

And the turner comes from his turning,
Hackney coachmen leave their stands,
And cobblers without washing their hands,
All rush to the mighty Burning !

VII.

And 'twas a rueful sight indeed,
To see the burning mound !
'Twould have made a tender heart bleed
To see it fall to the ground !
The crash was heard from Portman-square
To Aldgate church and Temple Bar !
Shaking the massy walls
Of lofty St. Paul's !
Sounding like a thunder clap,
Or a knowing footman's rap !
And loudly smashing many a window-pane
In Russel-street and Drury-Lane :
Knocking down the grave-stones,
And tearing up dead men's bones
In St. Paul's Covent-garden Church-yard !
The Hummums felt the shock,
And out the Waiters flock,
Thinking something had thump'd their bodies hard.

VIII.

Here pause, my lay—for the mists of smoke
Cover'd the dreadful scene!

Save where the flames impatient broke,
And shewed the ruins and gazing folk,
Nothing could be seen.

Turn away, my aching sight,
From that ever-to-be-remembered night!

To happier scenes wing thy flight—

Where Whitbread's mighty hand,

With a pow'rful Irish band,

Uprear'd another lofty Drury

From the ruins of fire's fury;

Where Apollo has built his fane—

The New Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane!

THE
BATTLE OF THE PIT OF DRURA.

BY OSSIAN'S GHOST*.

—*Altissima dictu!*

[*To be recited by Mr. Mathews, in the habit of a venerable Druid, sitting under a rock, stringing his Harp—a branch of misletoe by his side.*]

KILBULLOCH, the Son of Bucherlam, sat in Drura's Pit—his steel and knife hung by his side—his hands were smeared with gore—his thoughts were of the mighty Carvog—mighty in battle—his

* This Address must have the effect of silencing those who are disposed to cavil on the authenticity of Ossian's Poems. Dr. Johnson, had he lived in these days, "would have believed, when one rose unto him from the dead," and might have spared himself the precaution of six feet of English oak for personal security.

arm slew the giant race of Boar-pegas, armed with bristles—Cruel Carvog! he tore their bowels out, and his dogs devoured them!

Chesmonga comes—"Arise!" says the youth—"Kilbulloch arise!—gird thy knife on thy loins—the foes come into the Pit, from the North, and from the South!—They rush forward on all sides!—The fears of Kilbulloch increase the foe—the foes come to enslave us!—They rush in at the gates of the Pit—they wear badges in their hats—they are countless as the sands on the plain—Kilbulloch arise!"

The man of might arises—He stands up—he gapes, and gnashes his teeth for bloodshed—like a hungry wolf for his prey.—Shumakra, the awl-armed Shumakra, stands by his side; and the crooked race of Cobla—St. Gyleas' heights poured down a head-long troop of warriors, and the Hills of Saffrōna—Crowds rushed from the busy marts of Clarem, and Carnaba, and from the regions of the Swallows, and the golden-clustered gardens of the Vine—They took up arms hastily—the gashing knife, and the mallet, and the iron-headed hammer—They flocked to the bloody standard of Kilbulloch.

Above the Pit stood the widely-smiling Daughters

of Love, with flowing locks!—Their faces were like cakes of flour painted with blood—they stood, and laughed wildly—they threw their jetty tresses about their necks—their snowy breasts were naked—they sung sweetly—they breathed the glowing breath of love.—There was Meretriga with her damsels—they danced before her, decked with jewels.

Loud roared the din of the shrill Catcal, and the men of Whistla echoed the cry—The lovely daughters shrieked as they saw the men of valour fall.

On that day Kilbulloch slew threescore mighty men of war—Shumakra threw his awl at Talor—it pierced his left eye—he leaned on his yard-long stick marked with inches, and rolled his reddening eyes around!—Presently he jumped up—he stood behind Shumakra's back—he sprung upon him!—He fastened his strip of stiff parchment round his trembling neck to strangle him—Shumakra's frame grew cold—his breath had almost ceased—his eyes looked ghastly as death!—The youthful Botchar saw him—Botchar and Talor were deadly foes—The dreadful Talor was a tyrant, and young Botchar's burning soul would not be fettered—Botchar's shears cut the ligament round Shumakra's throat—Shumakra yet lived!—The warm blood be-

gan to flow in his veins—Botchar kept by his side—they slew the blood-thirsty Talor!—They pinned him to the earth, and Botchar's reeking shears gashed his throat!

Chesmonga dealt his weapons round the Pit!—his enemies were laid low—Feeble was the arm of the rotten-toothed Groçar—his boy the young Tobago was there—they had ravaged the domain of the fierce Chesmonga.—He slew them, and pierced their carcasses with his scooping cheese-taster—he drew out a bit of flesh—he gnashed it in his teeth, till they were clotted with blood—he shook his head—the food was exquisite!

Joy sat in the eyes of the great Kilbulloch!—his foes were driven from the Pit—He sat down to rest when the battle was over—he called the men of war about him—Where is the hoary-headed man of song?—Let him bring his harp, and sing the song of battle.

“Hail! King of Slaughterers!” cries the Minstrel.
“Long have thy deeds of the knife been known to
“me, Oh King! Look on high, Oh King, at the
“deep-glancing Daughters of Joy!—They gaze on
“thee—they love thy ruddy beauty when thou
“joonest them in the gay throng in the street—

“ They love thy mighty arm, defender of women !
“ Thou usest thy strength for them, when the cruel
“ arm of the watches of the night would drag them
“ to the prisons.”—Let Drura’s Pit resound with the
names of Kilbulloch and Shumakra, champions of
liberty ! Thou hast driven the fiends of tyranny
back to their vile haunts. Hail ! chief of the field,
Kilbulloch, and hail Shumakra ! and hail too Ches-
monga ! bloody-toothed Chesmonga, all glorious in
the battle of the Pit of Drura ;—Kilbulloch, Shu-
makra, Chesmonga, hail !

SONNETS
ON
THEATRICAL SUBJECTS.

BY THE REV. W. L. B.

Miserabiles decantes elegos.

OVID.

TO FRUCTELLA,
A FRUIT-WOMAN IN THE LOBBY.

KIND soul! how often, as this floor I've trod
In younger days, with play-book in thy hand,
Proffer'd to me with smile and curtsey bland,
I've met thee—but ah! since that it's pleased God
That you and I should both advance in years,
And that fair cheek, whose bloom could once have
vied
With those red streaks in basket by your side,
Is wrinkled o'er by Time—th' embitter'd tears

Have oft bedew'd thy care-worn brow ;
 For thou hast felt the flame's relentless might
 Driving thee forth in one ill-fated night,
 And burning fruit and play-bills with resistless glow !
 Cheer up, desponding soul ! for now you see
 Another Lobby rais'd for play-bills, fruit, and thee !

TO THE PIT.

I never saw thee full in all my days,
 Pit ! but I felt my heaving bosom glow
 With joy, to see so many sons of woe
 Dispel their cares, and seek relief in plays.
 Never, since that sad night when Mopsey* died
 (For her last sobs were in Old Drury's Pit,
 Just like, tho' not the same, where now you sit),
 Have I had heart, tho' often I have tried,
 To enter yonder doors, and call to mind
 The pangs of kindred feeling, now o'erpast,
 But which in spite of me must ever last,
 And through these peepers, passage sometimes find.
 E'en now a tear will force th' unwilling breach.
(*Reciter sobbing*).
 Oh Mopsey ! Mopsey ! hapless, hapless bitch !

* A much-lamented spaniel, killed in a crowd in the Pit.

ON THE UNFEELING CUSTOM OF CLAPPING
AND HISSING.

Hisses and claps away ! discordant sounds,
And grating noises of the Gallery's voice,
By which it tries to shew its hate or choice !
And cease unfeeling clamour, that resounds
From the rude Pit, regardless of the fine
And soft affections which engage
The sympathizing soul, when on the Stage
He views the lover's arms at last entwine
His long-lov'd mistress—or perchance he trace
The pining anguish of some captive fair—
Oft have your impious shouts combin'd to tear
My soul, intent on some sweet melancholy grace.
Away, such brutal noises !—Hence, John Bull !
To me, of coarse uncouth vulgarity thou'rt full.

EXTRACTS
 FROM
 LOVE IN THE ALPS:
 AN OPERA.
 BY W. D.

Semper eadem.

HORACE.

“Still the same Diamond, and as bright as ever.”

TICKELL.

As every one must be aware that the anxiety and interest which are felt in following the gradual development of a good play to its final *denouement*, can never be produced by the perusal of selected passages, it is with great regret that we feel obliged to abridge the pleasure of the reader, in giving him only an abridgment of this elegant little opera. The beauties of the dialogue can, however, be fairly estimated from the extracts we shall make; and the

fanciful prettinesses of the songs can as well be admired in the drawing-room, as if warbled by the fascinating Mr. Phillips in the costume of the South, and surrounded with “appropriate scenery and decorations.”

The following little sketch of the *Fable* of the Opera, will save the imagination of the reader some little trouble.

FABLE.

The Baron Ronaldi, in returning from *the Wars*, is enamoured of Rosabinda, the beautiful Daughter of a *Peasant*. She, like many Stage young Ladies, is very fastidious, and presumes to reject the Baron, having previously given her affections to Floretto, a youth of her own age and rank. The Baron has a virtuous and amiable Wife, whom (*as corpulent, sensual gentlemen declining in years sometimes do*) he has treated with the greatest cruelty, and at last *banished from the society of her friends*, and driven her to one of his remote castles. Under some specious pretence he banishes Floretto, who, in his journey into exile, rescues a Lady from the attack of ruffians in a forest. The Lady takes a locket from her bosom, and presents it to her chivalrous champion as a token of her gratitude. The Forest in

which this takes place is near the dwelling of Rosabinda's Father, who unluckily passes by at this moment, and observes Floretto in company with a Lady, who presents him a locket from her bosom, begging him to preserve it for her sake, and telling him that she has a *presentiment* that it will one day be instrumental to his happiness. The Father of Rosabinda, who has been endeavouring to convince his Daughter of the danger of incensing the Baron by her refusal, and the hopelessness of her love for Floretto, now relates all that had passed in the Forest. For the first time, the unhappy Rosabinda entertains suspicions of her lover's infidelity, and at length, partly out of pique (a motive which frequently influences disappointed damsels), and partly yielding to her Father's solicitations, she consents to marry the Baron, on condition that Floretto shall be recalled, to be witness to her triumph over her passion for him. Floretto is recalled, and of course thunderstruck on hearing of the approaching nuptials. Rosabinda upbraids him with inconstancy. This produces an *eclaircissement*, and the locket. The Baron, who is present, recoils with horror on seeing the hair of his injured wife, and in his first emotions involuntarily betrays his own villany, and discovers to all present, that he was on the point of marrying Rosabinda, when he had a lawful wife in existence. Goaded by the stings of conscience, and struck with the gallantry of his Wife's deliverer, he is eager to

make amends to every injured party, and accordingly gives up Rosabinda, who now, of course, is reconciled to Floretto; settles one of his domains on the young pair, and recalls his abused Wife to her legitimate rights, and to be witness to the happiness of her generous preserver.

From this brief sketch of the plot, it will be seen that the subject of this Opera has nothing very novel in it; nor indeed have the characters. Baron Ronaldi is exactly like the Lovinskis, and Montaldis, and Toraldis of the stage, except that he exhibits a mongrel kind of repentance in the last scene, and consents, out of complaisance to the Author, to abjure a little of the villany of his character, to light up a latent spark of generosity, in order to make complete that general smile of content and good humour which invariably gilds the end of a drama. In short, dress Raymond in green velvet, with stars, and whiskers and mustachios, and a hussar cap—there is the Baron Ronaldi. Floretto is a wandering ballad-singing Peasant, exactly cut out for Mr. Sinclair. Rosabinda is not worthy of Miss Kelly; perhaps Miss Poole is fully equal to the exigencies of the character, or the *ci-devant* Miss Bolton; and the

drawling monotonous grief of Mrs. Powell, and her physical dignity of mien (for we allow her no more than is necessarily attendant on a height of nearly six feet), would exactly suit the degraded Baroness—except that we had rather be excused from hearing this Lady sing. There is another character in this Opera inseparable from Mr. D.'s plays, and we believe the highest pitch of his conception of a comic character. This is a kind of abortion of a man*, whom Oxberry generally represents. He is a running Footman, who follows his Master in his adventures in caves and forests, and makes a point of falling flat on his face at the sound of a pistol or the clashing of swords. When the Lover is pining for the presence of his Mistress, the Servant pines for something to eat; and when there is a prospect of being received by his Lady in some hospitable castle, the one is transported with the idea of flying into the arms of love, while the other licks his lips, and chuckles and strokes his stomach, and makes all sorts of preparation for taking in a good comfortable meal. These Stage-Footmen, too, have always a happy quantity of conceit, and are sure to fancy

* See Fabian, in the Peasant Boy; Varbel, in Lodoiska &c. &c.

every woman they see is stealing glances at their persons, and casting side-long looks of affection, which speak but too plainly.

But we have detained the reader too long. Let the Play speak for itself. As, however, in the extracts we shall make, little will be seen of the Baron or Baroness, or the running Footman, we would not affront these exalted personages by passing them over altogether.

The Opera opens with a pretty coquetting little scene between the lovers, when as yet the proposals of the Baron had presented no obstacle to their happiness.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*A sequestered Valley beneath the Alps—The Sun setting behind the Mountains—Peasants in picturesque groupes returning from their labour—On one side a Rustic Habitation embosomed in Trees—Honeysuckles, &c. tastefully twined over the Roof.*

Enter FLORETTO and ROSABINDA.

GLEE.—FLORETTO *and* ROSABINDA.

Ruddy beams that lightly rest
On the bosom of the West,
And gem with horizontal rays
The evening of our brightest days,
Adieu! to-morrow eve return,
Again to glow, again to burn.

Flor. See, Rosabinda, all Nature blushes. The sun has tipped each fleecy cloud with ruby lips: they seem to woo the kisses of the zephyrs—as your lips invite the kiss of mine. (*Kisses her*).

Ros. Fie, Floretto.

Flor. You know you will not say so when we are

married: why then deny me this trifling foretaste of bliss—this dawning of the happiness that awaits me?

Ros. Oh, indeed, if my kisses are trifles, pray do not make so free with them.

Flor. Cease, Rosabinda, to trifle with my ardent love. I declare you are as discontented as a disappointed maid despairing of a husband. See, all Nature summons us to happiness. The air is soft and balmy—the healing dew-drop now closes the wounds inflicted on the bleeding rose by the shafts of the meridian sun—love and harmony whisper in the breeze, and attune our souls to joy. When chilling absence tears us asunder, how shall we rebuke each other for wasting these precious moments in discontent and repining?

Ros. Dearest Floretto! pardon me—it was the foolish coyness of a virgin breast. Heaven knows, my throbbing bosom tells me, I think, I wish, I hope, I live but for Floretto. Can Floretto say the same to Rosabinda?

Flor. By heavens I do, sweet girl. May the hand of death lay it's seal on our eyes together, and the jaws of the grave swallow us in each other's arms. (*They embrace*).

AIR.

Ros. Ah, now in the presence of her whom you love,
 Inspir'd by the sight of her charms,
 You swear you'll be constant wherever you rove,
 And with rapture return to her arms.

But think of the moment when absence shall sever,
 And crush our fair hopes in their bloom,
 Then will you, Floretto, be constant for ever,
 And rest with me e'en in the tomb?

Flor. Let not doubts distract my love;
 Guardian angels from above
 Witness here my plighted faith—
 I will love my love till death.

When the finger of death shall have check'd your
 last breath,
 When no rose on that cheek any longer shall
 bloom,
 Then a lily shall wave it's pale leaf o'er your grave,
 And embalm the fond gale that floats round your
 tomb.

Both. Then let not doubts distract our love;
 Guardian angels from above
 Witness here our plighted faith—
 Love shall dwell with us till death.

[*Exeunt.*]

Very reluctantly we pass over several scenes in the same spirit of elegant prettiness, and equally glowing with a meridian tint and *fraicheur*. But we hasten to Florétto, now journeying mournfully into banishment.

SCENE—*A Valley, fertile, and covered with clustering Vineyards; the extremities bounded by a Forest, which stretches up the surrounding Mountains—Floretto enters, thoughtful and melancholy.*

Flor. 'Tis morning—Nature awakes with renovated beauty—the sun, refreshed after a day of labour, re-appears, and smiles around with glowing sweetness. The pregnant earth steams forth a thousand odours. Light-heeled gaiety trips o'er the scene. Even the insects beneath my wandering feet join in the hilarity that reigns around. The grasshopper chirps along the dewy mead, and wakes his mistress with a cheerful matin. I, only I, am sad amidst the general joy, and meet the laughing morn with a sorrowing heart.

(*Sings*)—

On the tip-toe of fancy once I could trip,
Or flutter with hope in the breeze,
Press the cup of delight to my lingering lip,
And drain all it's joy to the lees.

But where now is fair Hope, so enchantingly smiling,
Where, tell me, where to be found?
And the cup of delight, so sweetly beguiling,
Ah, why is it dashed to the ground?

I seek joy in vain,
O'er life's dreary plain;
Alas, 'tis a desert forlorn!
The rose that once shed
Its sweets o'er my head,
Now goads me with merciless thorn.

The next scene is in a thick part of the Forest. Two bravoos or ruffians enter, and concert their plans for the attack of the next unfortunate passenger. These Gentlemen (for judging from their conversation, so we must call them), like every personage in Mr. D.'s Dramas, talk exactly the same high-flown sentimental language, and are just as much alive to the beauties of "Nature unzoned," &c. &c. as his Lovers and his Ladies. Perhaps Mr. D. knows better than we do, what robbers are in the

forests on the Continent; but we have no idea of their being very civilized beings. Only fancy two or three highwaymen on Bagshot-heath, equipped with great-coats and Belcher handkerchiefs and bludgeons, perhaps nicknamed Black Dick, or Black Tom, talking to one another thus: "Time quick-ens." "To your posts, my comrades." "Where shall we lay our ambush?" "Beyond the brook, and near a ruined cell, a solitary chesnut stands, beneath whose shadowing boughs, such coy and dainty flowers as hide from sunshine, liberally grow, and balm the turf with odours richer than the breath of altars." Can any thing be more unlike their familiar mode of accosting a passenger?—"Your money or your life, you dog!"

In short, all Mr. D.'s bravoos, &c. are a sort of sentimental ruffians, very rare in nature, though plentiful in his Dramas. They are weeds which he has transplanted from the German school, that hot-bed of all sorts of excrescences out of the course of nature. We could swear he is an enthusiastic admirer of the German Drama. Like the German Bard, Mr. D.

"Round the dark confines of the forest raves—

"With *gentle* robbers stocks his gloomy caves."

“The ‘Robbers,’ a German tragedy, placed robbery in so fascinating a light, that it is well known a whole German University went on the highway in consequence of it.” Not that we have the smallest dread of a similar effect upon the young men of Oxford or Cambridge, from the fascination of Mr. D.’s pen.

In the next scene, the Baroness, walking in the forest, is attacked by these well-spoken ruffians, and Floretto, as might be expected, is at hand to rescue her. But, however, we will give the scene.

SCENE—*A thick Forest.*

Enter the BARONESS.

AIR.

Ah, what now to me are the pleasures that wait
On the pomp of a palace—the halls of the great?
What is rank but a vapour, riches but dross?
Which embitter the woe they serve but to gloss,
And envenom keen misery’s darts.
When friendship around us dispenses it’s sweet,
And Love strews with roses a path for our feet,
Then the dowries of fortune fill up the back ground,
And gild the fair prospect that brightens around,
But in grief they embitter our smarts.

In the gay days of youth, love grew in my breast,
 As Hope fondly told me for ever to rest;
 I cherish'd and nurtur'd the sweet passion-flow'r,
 Nor dreamt in my joy of the pitiless hour,

When the lightning-shaft blasted its growth.
 First the canker of jealousy blighted its spring,
 Then its ripeness was gnawed by ingratitude's sting,
 While the winds of neglect blew its blossoms away,
 And the chill of despair froze its stalk to the clay,
 Where it bloom'd in the spring-tide of youth.

Bar. Sweet air! it reminds me of happier days —
 the recollection of them still gleams through the
 curtain of darkness and misery, with which time has
 obscured them—they are an insulated speck of lustre
 glimmering through the blackness of my fate.
 Sweet light! still art thou my comfort, though I
 look back upon thee from a distance.

Enter two Bravoes.

1st Bra. Seize her, my brave comrade—behold
 our beauteous prize. (*They seize the Baroness, and
 drag her off, she struggling with them, and sing-*
*ing**—

* In many modern Operas, Melo-drames, &c. particularly
 Mr. D.'s, the most violent bursts of passion, or the most sud-

Pity, pity, hear my prayer!
 Ruffians hear me—pity, spare—
 Mercy, come with downy hand,
 Shield me from the murderous band!
 Is no help, no succour nigh?

(*At this moment Floretto enters hastily, knocks down one of the Ruffians, grapples with the other, and disengages the Baroness. During these operations he sings*):

Fear not, Lady, here am I—
 Ruffian, draw, and let this be
 A burial-place for you or me.

Bra. Boasting boy, check your rage—
 Pity bids me spare your age.

Flor. Youth and innocence shall brave
 Th' exulting of a murd'rous slave—
 Ruffian draw, and let this be
 A burial-place for you or me.

(*Bravoe and Floretto fight—after a long and vio-*

den emotions of terror or surprize, are expressed in a pretty little colloquial glee among the characters, and the last lines repeated twice, or even encored. Perhaps it is best that it should be so, for certainly an automaton in a clock-maker's shop, could as well represent the tragic workings of the soul, or indeed any thing above the common start of astonishment at meeting an old acquaintance in the street, as the leaden love-sick physiognomies of Braham or Sinclair.

lent contest, Floretto drives his Antagonist off the Stage—Scene drops).

We are sorry to be obliged here to conclude our extracts. Our sketch of the plot, has already apprized the reader of the scenes which follow the rescue of the Baroness.

SONNETS.

BY EDWARD LORD T.

Pagina turgescit nugis.

PERSIUS.

TO A VERY PRETTY ACTRESS.

SWEET as the plaint of nightly philomel,
 Straining her echoes thro' the pitchy grove,
 When she to moon and stars her woes doth tell,
 And wail in woeful song her wayward love;
 Or soaring far "beyond the solar year*,"
 The merry morning carroller doth ring
 His blythy note athwart the circling sphere;
 E'en sweet as these doth lovely B—n sing,
 And chaunt to wood and fountain chearily,
 Notes that with joy the shepherd's thirsty ear
 Deluding solace with their poesy,
 And join in cadence with the ringing sphere;
 Thee, nymph, maternal St. Cecilia sent
 "To be her glory and her argument†."

* Vide p. 111, Lord T.'s Poems.

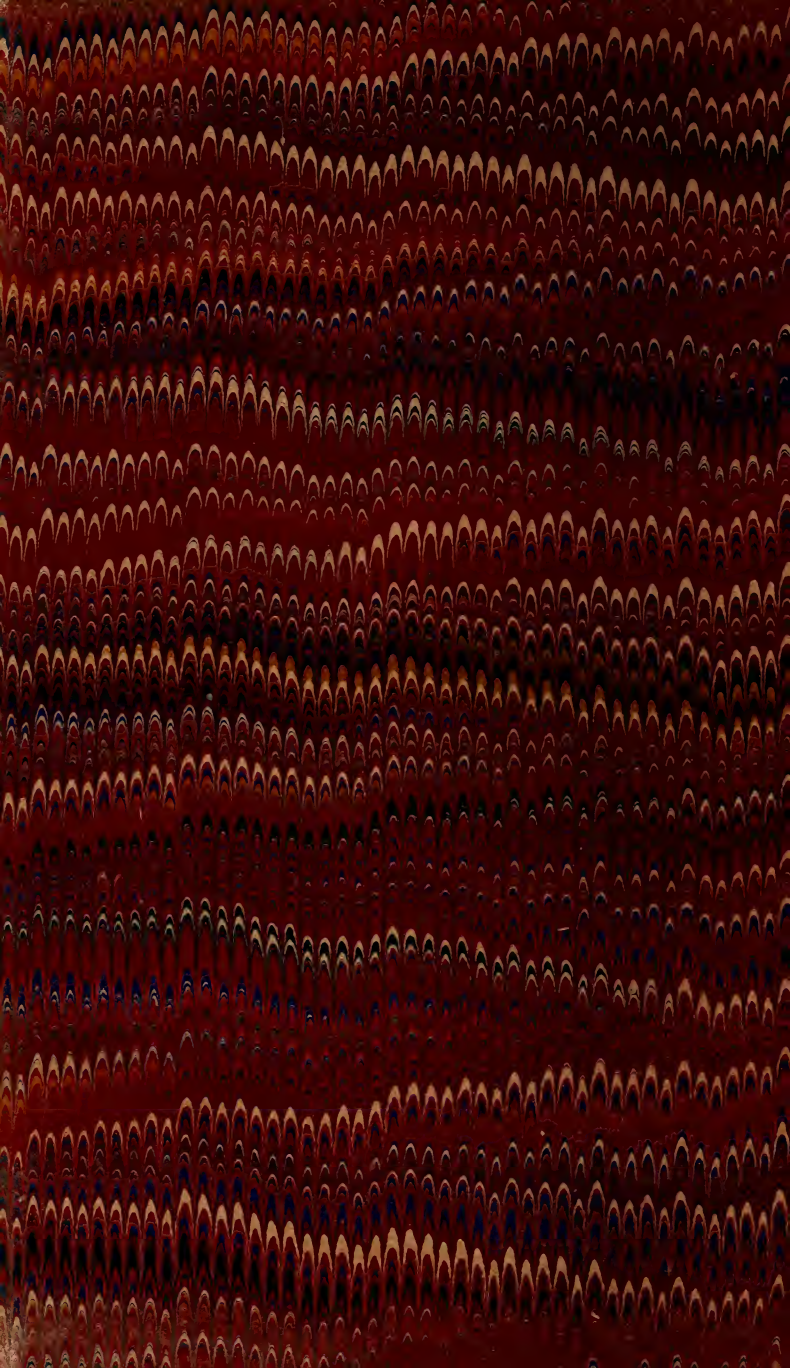
† Ibid.

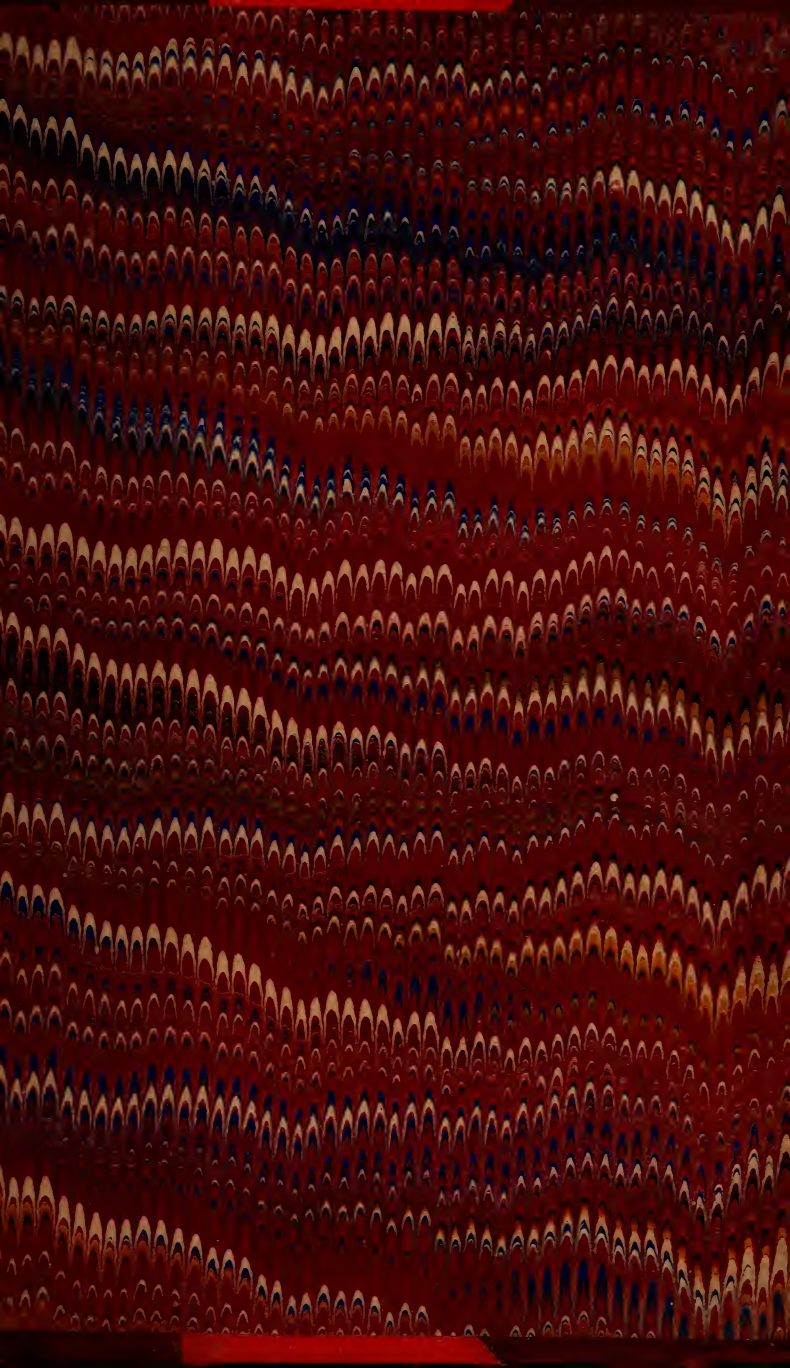
IN ALL OBEISANCE,
DEDICATED TO THE MUNIFICENT
PRINCE REGENT
OF THESE REALMS.

Not more grateful to the tender soul*,
Is youth's fair offering on the shrine of Love,
Nor to young Bacchus was the laughing bowl,
When blushing Hebe fill'd it from above,
Than to the soul, Most Noble Prince, of thee,
Who mak'st thy fair delight in deeds
Of arms and trophies reaped of victory,
And trumps of battle and the clang of steeds,
And flags and *bâtons* of the slaughter'd foe
Is the fond greeting of the public mouth,
Eager to gratulate where'er you go,
And tell their gratitude with noisy truth.
These joys attend the cherish'd Prince's throne,
Therefore these joys, my Prince, attend thy own.

* See p. 112, Lord T.'s Poems.

THE END.





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